

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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## The Earl of Lisburne's Daughter Marries Capt. Rhyddian Llewellyn

The marriage of Captain Rhyddian Llewellyn, Welsh Guards, and Lady Honor Vaughan took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on January 2. Captain Llewellyn is the youngest son of the late Sir David Llewellyn, Bt., and of Lady Llewellyn, of St. Fagan's, Glamorgan. His eldest brother, Captain Sir Rhys Llewellyn, also in the Welsh Guards, was best man at the wedding. Lady Honor is the second of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's three daughters. Her elder sister, Lady Gloria Fisher (whose small daughter, Amanda, was a bridesmaid), married Captain Nigel Fisher in 1935; and her younger sister, Lady Auriel Vaughan, who is nineteen, was one of the four grown-up bridesmaids. Lord Lisburne, who is Lord Lieutenant for Cardiganshire, has one son, Lord Vaughan, who is in the Welsh Guards. Lady Lisburne is a daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, a former Attaché at the Chilean Legation in London.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Strain

THIS is the testing time of Hitler's home front. Will it hold together under the strain of successive and severe military reverses? This is an important question, and the answer is not easy to find. It would be unwise to face it optimistically, for Hitler has never been optimistic about the home front. After the last war he blamed the collapse of the home front for Germany's defeat. Through the Nazi Party he has constantly organised to ensure Germany against internal collapse. In the last few days we have seen German propagandists doing their utmost to keep the home front quiet. A variety of "explanations" have been broadcast about the position on the Russian front. I doubt whether the most disciplined German, doped by Nazi propaganda after so many years, could be satisfied with these explanations. They say nothing; they ask the German people to trust their Fuehrer, who is making big plans.

There is another problem facing Hitler, which he will not find easy to overcome without sudden and drastic change in the fortunes of the German army. It is the fact that the war is in its fourth year. In the days of the blitz on Britain, the war was young and British people had not been tried. They recognised the blitz as the first round in a big battle, and their courage carried them through. But what resources of morale can there be in Germany in this fourth year of the war, when there is every prospect of Allied bombing increasing and not declining, and the danger of invasion of Germany growing more certain every-day? There's a limit to all suffering, even in Germany.

## Russian Advance

THE Russians continue to drive the Germans back, and with each step their confidence grows. They know that they have struck the German armies in a vital spot, through their

supply organisation. The only hope for Hitler is to shorten his lines as quickly as he can and compel the Russians to extend their communications. If the morale of German soldiers will stand up to this process—and it will be foolish to assume that battered though it must be, it will not stand up—the Russians will be faced with a similar problem to that of Hitler's.

Stalin must realise this, for there are signs of another bout of criticism of the United Nations. Russian propaganda is beginning to spread doubts about the war effort of the United States; and the efficiency of the Allied organisation in North Africa. The demand is being renewed for heavier blows against the Germans in Europe, in other words, Stalin wants a real second front now. It may be that he sees in this the only immediate hope of bringing about a German collapse. For if Hitler is enabled to withdraw his forces far enough back, it is doubtful if even the gallant Russians will have sufficient power behind their punches to hurt Hitler. Always providing, as I said in the first paragraph, that Hitler's home front can stand the strain of a reversal of military policy of this nature.

## Confusion

CONDITIONS in North Africa appear to have become as confused as was ever thought possible. The truth is, of course, that censorship has prevented the people of the United States and of Britain receiving a complete picture of the political and military positions. This has naturally started doubts to occur and criticisms to be fomented. Militarily it seems that the weather has played a very full part. Rain and bog, long lines of communication, lack of airfields, have all played against the Allied forces and helped Hitler. But I am told that General Anderson nearly brought off a clean sweep, which would have landed him in Tunis, and probably Bizerta, by now. Just a



## Books for the Hospitals

Captain Malcolm Bullock, M.P. (right), Chairman of the Red Cross and St. John Hospital Library, inspects some of the newly bound books to be sent out from the library with Mr. Nicholl, one of the voluntary librarians

stroke of bad luck robbed him of success.

Politically, it appears that there has been too much dallying. The United States Government are now openly defending their Darlan policy. This was the policy which was originally described as "military expediency." There are indications that it may have been something deeper than this, otherwise there would not be need for the present spate of frankness from Washington. Be that as it may, the death of Admiral Darlan did present a remarkable opportunity to end this policy and to bring all Frenchmen together. General de Gaulle wanted and still hopes to get, the fusion of all French political thought into some form of temporary governmental authority. The United States Government seems to be in favour of regional controls, by which General Giraud would be responsible for some French territory, General de Gaulle for other parts, and presumably other Frenchmen with authority elsewhere. All these regions would be connected by some overriding body, which would operate as an administration until the end of the war. The



## At the R.N.Z.A.F. Headquarters

Air Commodore A. de T. Nevill arrived recently in England to take over the Royal New Zealand Air Force Headquarters, replacing Air Commodore L. M. Isitt. With him here is Group Captain A. J. Manson, M.C., Officer in Charge of Administration R.N.Z.A.F. in London



## "Sailor" Malan Takes Command

Group Captain A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, Fighter Command's top-scoring pilot, recently took command of the fighter station from which he scored most of his thirty-two victories over the Luftwaffe. Above, Malan (in the overcoat) is with some of his companions at the station. He becomes one of the youngest group captains in the R.A.F.



objection to this latter course, I should have thought, would be quite simple and straightforward. It can only lead to a continuance of intrigue and back-biting, as well as political jugglery. This in its turn must necessarily be detrimental to unity and co-ordination of effort. What the French people need if they are to rise again is leadership and inspiration; and they want it now.

#### Looting

THE United Nations have formally proclaimed their intention to punish the Nazis for plundering the occupied countries of valuables and to compel their return to the rightful owners after the war. A committee of legal experts will be set up to sift the evidence and trace the treasures. This is a big undertaking and on the face of it there is a lot of arduous work for somebody after the war. But the declaration has an immediate object, which is to warn neutrals not to buy stolen goods from anybody. The Nazi leaders—and the Nazi Government—have been trying to pack away currency for propaganda use and for personal profit. They have done this by trading in their plunder, using open as well as underhand methods to achieve their aim.

The joint declaration is noteworthy in its object, but on reading it I could not help thinking that this formal document referred only to material matters. Under our very eyes there is going on much more serious spoliation. It is the crushing by pillage, murder and rape of the culture of Europe. Only the other day, fifty-four Polish villages were just wiped out. A short time previously, thousands of Polish people, most of them Jews, were slaughtered in a mass. Surely the lives and the culture of these unfortunate people is of more account than the most priceless art treasure or the most valuable bearer bond which may be filched. This is the real wickedness which should make us sick with anger. This is the spoliation of spiritual values, which we ought to hold higher than any material values if the war is to teach us a lesson.

#### Birthday Honours

MR. LLOYD GEORGE will be eighty years old in a week's time. I've always thought it a pity that his ability and experience have not been used in this war. He had unrivalled experience in wartime government, and though this war is faster and more urgent than the last, his adaptable mind would have quickly



Mr. R. G. Casey in Syria

Mr. R. G. Casey, British Minister in the Middle East, recently paid a flying visit to Syria, the Lebanon and Transjordan. This photograph was taken at the residence of Major-General Sir Edward Spears, British Minister in Syria, and shows, in front, Mrs. Casey, Lady Spears and Mr. Casey; and behind, Major-General Spears and Mr. Henry Hopkinson. Lady Spears is Mary Borden, the novelist

suited the tempo. It may be true—I think that it is true—that Mr. Lloyd George has received more than one invitation to join the Government. His friendship with the Prime Minister is no fair-weather affair. Whenever L.G. appears in the House of Commons and Mr. Churchill is there, a message inviting him to luncheon at number 10 Downing Street follows automatically. I saw it happen only the other day, and the result was a photograph of Mr. Lloyd George and Miss Megan Lloyd George on the staircase of number 10 Downing Street. But it seems that this is the limit of Mr. Lloyd George's desire to return to the political fray. On his occasional visits to the House of Commons—of which he has been a member for fifty-three years—he sits and listens. Rarely does he join in debate. But he watches his son, Major Gwilym Lloyd George, more closely than any other Minister or Member, for he has a hard job as Minister of Fuel, and a critical House of Commons to handle. Which reminds me: Major Gwilym Lloyd George is determined to make us stick

to the five-inch bath and our basic needs in light and heat. I wonder how the House of Commons will take to the idea of inspectors bursting in the home to see if the rules are being obeyed. Not very kindly, if I'm any judge.

#### Political Future?

THE appointment of Mr. Harold Macmillan as Minister-Resident at Allied headquarters in North Africa, is of more than passing interest. The post gives Mr. Macmillan Cabinet rank for the first time; it will also extend his administrative experience. As a back-bencher in the House of Commons for the past ten years which preceded his first entry into the Government as an Under-secretary, showed him to be a man of foresight, independent thought and determination. Assuming a successful mission in North Africa, his friends believe that Mr. Macmillan will increase his influence in the Government which will carry him to much higher office in the years to come.



Stars and Stripes at the Academy

This picture of two soldiers from the U.S.A. was painted by Mr. A. E. Cooper, R.B.A. Sergeant Oscar Kaplan, of Linden, New Jersey, and Sergeant Theodore Korona, of Latrobe, Pa., were the two sitters. The artist is seen with Sergeant Kaplan beside his picture which is exhibited at the Royal Academy



An American Film Star Marries in London

Carole Landis, the American film star, was married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, on January 5. The bridegroom was Captain Thomas C. Wallace, a pilot of U.S. Fighter Command. Bridesmaid was Mitzi Mayfair, the dancer, and Kay Francis, film star, was one of the guests



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Gay and Grim

By James Agate

NOR always do we feel disposed to visit the cinema: there are days *and* days. So, after cutting our finger, upsetting the ink-pot on to our priceless Axminster, putting two important business letters into the wrong envelopes, using a new mouth-wash instead of the accustomed Nufix for what we humorously call our hair, and ending up with catching our feet in the stair-carpet and landing in the hall with a resonant bump—well, we just did not look forward to getting up in the middle of our lunch in order to see a film. But duty is duty, and we arrived at the theatre feeling sorry for ourself and peeved with everybody else. But then the unexpected happened, as, to quote that great German savant, Aloysius Zuckermacher, it so often does.

THE film was *My Sister Eileen* (Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion), and it turned out to be extremely amusing. Indeed, before the curtains had been parted ten minutes, I found myself roaring with laughter. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and I was delighted to find that the film was another chapter of accidents. This time the victims are two sisters, newly arrived in New York from Columbus, Ohio. The elder girl, Ruth (Rosalind Russell), wants to become a writer; Ruth is sedate, ironical, self-assured. The younger sister, Eileen (Janet Blair), wants to go on the stage; Eileen is blonde, volatile, frighteningly flirtatious and, I imagine, wholly talentless. They don't know a soul in New York, they can't find a room till an eccentric Greek (George Tobias), who lets lodgings in that dubious suburb known as Greenwich Village, and who is by way of being a very amateur painter, forces them into renting a cellar adjacent to the tunnel which the workmen blast with dynamite day and night, causing the house to shake like an aspen leaf.

THIS is only the beginning. The sisters pay a month's rent only to find that when the window is open—it is broiling hot summer time—any one can, and everybody does, look in, cats and dogs jump through the railings into the room, the beds are like granite, all the locks are broken and all the doors without

hinges or keys. The room has been previously occupied by a lady who is euphemistically described as a "medium"; some of her male acquaintances drift in and make themselves at home, a lodger from an upper storey parks himself in the kitchen, the police suspect the poor girls and give them the rightabout, and from morning till night the room is filled with all kinds of flotsam and jetsam, to the unending crash of the dynamite in the tunnel. The uproarious climax occurs when Ruth, having strayed to the docks in search of a job, finds herself landed with six Portuguese cadets, not one of whom can speak or understand one word of English, who follow her home amidst a whooping rabble of urchins, invade the room, and finally, turning on the gramophone to the tune of a rumbustious rumba, drag the girls round and round until they are half dead with fatigue and fright.

Later, still dragging the sisters, they dance out into the street, where the urchins, dogs and cats join in the revelry, and then all dance in again holding on to each others' tails and what not. I have seldom laughed so much at anything quite so elementally and absurdly funny, and I was pleased to note that all the august critics in my immediate neighbourhood were splitting their sides likewise. This scene alone should draw every one who wants a good laugh—and who doesn't in these troublous times?

THE acting is admirable. Rosalind Russell with a thick Middle-West accent, falling and tumbling all over the place while vainly attempting to preserve her dignity, is the richest comedy: it does one good to see such a woman artist with sense enough not to mind making a fool of herself. Any one can achieve a semblance of pathos or even tragedy; but to clown it as irresistibly as this gifted actress does in this film is an especial and rather rare form of mimetic art.

Janet Blair, the amorous goldfish, has an easier part; this consists principally of making up to every man she meets. But she does it with immense verve and vim. All the men are good, although some of their parts are a little too much alike, and one often gets confused as to which is Bob and which Dick or Harry. In

one respect the film has novelty inasmuch as most of the action takes place in the terrible room: and it possesses that supreme virtue of good farce, that while all of it is wildly improbable none of it is ever wholly impossible.

*Squadron Leader X* (Regal and London Pavilion) must be an absolutely first-class film since it kept me in a state of extreme tension although, having arrived ten minutes late, I had not the vaguest notion what it was about. How the German airman came to wearing English uniform and how he came to be in England were matters which I was unable to solve until I got home and looked up my Sunday monitresses. All I know is that the airman was making frantic efforts to get back to Germany while the English police determined he shouldn't. And he didn't. And the ghastly scream with which, attacked by his own Messerschmitts, the doomed airman nose-dived to his death on English soil, is with me yet.

Whoever has directed this film has done so without tomfoolery and kept his camera-man well in hand. There is a moment when some body has to telephone, and we are suddenly made telephone-conscious in the manner in which some months ago, in that highbrow film whose name I always forget, we were made sledge-conscious. At least those of us who knew a sledge when they saw one; of which the number, begging Mr. Orson Welles pardon, was not great. But the present alarm was short-lived, and the film returned in next to no time to its straightforward and sensible self. I take it that the fortunate people who are not trying to broadcast, proof-correct a book on Shakespeare (with a sore finger), sum up the French Impressionists at the National Gallery and see a film, all simultaneously, *Squadron Leader X* is as lucid as it is exciting.

ERIC PORTMAN, who plays the German airman, is more than a fine actor in himself; he has the gift of making the other people around him act also. This does not apply to one member of the cast who would act if he were left alone on the top of Plinlimmon in a snowstorm. I gave as my opinion recently that the best performance in *Arsenic and Old Lace* was by a Mr. Martin Miller. In the present film easily the best performance is that of the Austrian grocer who, my Sunday paper informs me, is a Mr. Martin Miller. As somebody of the same name ran away with *Awake and Sing*, I begin to think this Mr. Martin Miller must be just about the best actor in England.



Former occupant of the apartment turns out to be Effie (Jane Haver), a clairvoyant now "practising" in the up-town tea rooms. She leaves cards with Ruth and Eileen for future distribution amongst visitors



Suspicious policeman on the beat visits the apartment to discover "The Wreck," a Cossack night-club doorman and Effie, who passes out on the sofa. Confusion is heightened by arrival of Baker (Brian Aherne), editor of "The Manhattan," to whom Ruth has submitted a story



# Crazy Comedy

"My Sister Eileen" Tells the Hazardous Adventures of Two Girls Seeking Fame and Fortune in New York

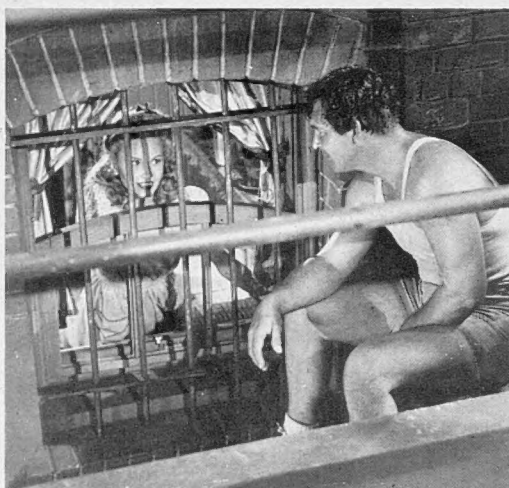
*My Sister Eileen*, produced by Columbia and now showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion, began life as a series of shorts written by Ruth McKenney and published in the *New Yorker*. Later Harcourt Brace published it as a book and, later still, Max Gordon put it together as a play which has run on Broadway for over two years. Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair play the Sherwood sisters, the two girls who left Ohio to make good—one as a writer, the other as an actress—in New York. Their adventures, which start when they sign the lease of a basement apartment with no locks on the doors and free access from the street, lead them through hilarious comedy to final success in love and career. James Agate reviews the film on the facing page



The adventures of the Sherwood sisters (Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair) start on their first night in their new home. Dynamite bursting underneath them is their first intimation that a new subway is being constructed beneath the basement flat they have rented



Ruth and Eileen meet their crazy landlord, an eccentric artist called Apopolous (George Tobias)



Another visitor is "The Wreck" (Gordon Jones), an unemployed football player who insists on sleeping in their kitchen while his mother-in-law is visiting his wife



Eileen's blonde beauty attracts the local boys who swarm around the girls' apartment. Wine for dinner is brought by a young drug-store manager to the disgust of the local reporter



Six Portuguese cadets unable to speak English follow Ruth home. They fall for Eileen's blonde beauty and insist on teaching the girls the conga which results in them all being locked up in jail for the night. Eileen is presented next morning with a medal for saving a "delicate international situation"



Ruth hears that her story has been accepted by "The Manhatter." Baker (Brian Aherne) brings her the offer of a contract on the paper. All seems fair set for the Sherwood sisters—till the subway drilling crew come crashing through the floor



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Cinderella (Stoll)

PANTOMIME, like beer, is a wonderful leveller. It removes inhibitions from both sides of the footlights, and absolves actors and audience alike from taking themselves too seriously. It has rhyme, but little reason, and is no respecter of persons. Kings are of less account than commoners; licence is the order of the state. The fabric of the story it tells may be so threadbare or patchy that any one of half a dozen alternative titles would be equally suitable. *Dick Whittington and His Cat* might swap names with *Puss In Boots*, *Mother Goose* with *Aladdin*, without confusing any but nursery critics or wilful pedants. So long as the Principal Boy is a girl, the Principal Girl a miracle of muliebrity, and the other prime characters, royalty and commoners, sufficiently lawless, honour is satisfied and expectations are fulfilled.



Buttons (Ted Ray) is the boy who leads the audience in song. Tom Titt gives an impression of him conducting "Why?" one of the most popular successes

Of all the old legends which these revels pervert, *Cinderella* is perhaps the least corruptible. It is enchantment's response to the maiden's prayer. The narrative landmarks are clear, and the scenery they dominate is familiar. Social distinctions exist only to be flouted, and virtue is not merely its own reward. The social peaks are not so exclusive that denizens of the lower depths may not scale them with impunity. Brokers' men, Dames, mongrel quadrupeds, and other unlikely fauna hobnob with the quality on more than equal terms.

THESE traditional elements are richly present in *Cinderella* now at the Stoll Theatre, Kingsway. The low comedians are those unbiddable rogues, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold, with whom riot is not so much a seasonal outbreak as a perennial uproar. The Prince is Fay Compton, who brings to Principal Boydom gifts and graces that would become even a more serious classic. Both in intention and performance Miss Compton is an artist. She not only knows what to do in equivocal circumstances,

but does it superbly. On her lips the lyrical jingles are royally minted. Her swagger, in old comedy get-up, has style; her good-humour is infectious. And she seems to enjoy every moment of her metamorphosis.

Cecilia Nervo and Anastasia Knox come trailing the skirts of Ugly Sisterhood with a zest that does not so much defy as convulse decorum. They hunt in the pink, they flirt with abandon, and, free from inhibitions as the winds of March, take both pitch and toss from their fractious mare with persistence, if not with beauty. Cecilia is perhaps the more impulsive equestrienne, Anastasia the more august. For whereas Cecilia's style is chancey and her seat precarious, Anastasia's poise has a backward tilt and a bridling front. Her sparkling but critical eye, and deft explicit gestures proclaim her ascendancy. Yet neither is above a gate-crashing tussle or two with the beefeaters on duty at the palace, and giving as good as they get.

Naughton and Gold, too, are old campaigners, and share a common immunity to damage by violence that would be death to you and me. To fall as they do without being pushed is to bamboozle fate and substantiate the drunkard's dream. Their sinuous sleight in avoiding mutual collision is ultra-serpentine; they preserve equilibrium in conditions that would leave gimbals guessing.

True to form, this low-comedy foursome charter a car that does everything but take them home from the ball. Mule is its middle name, Fire and Brimstone the others. It has fits but no starts, and a genius for coming to bits in the hand. Though there is no baptism in whitewash or utter debagging, enough water is mistaken for petrol to give Naughton (or is it Gold?) a damp seat, and to subject his wartime underwear to brief

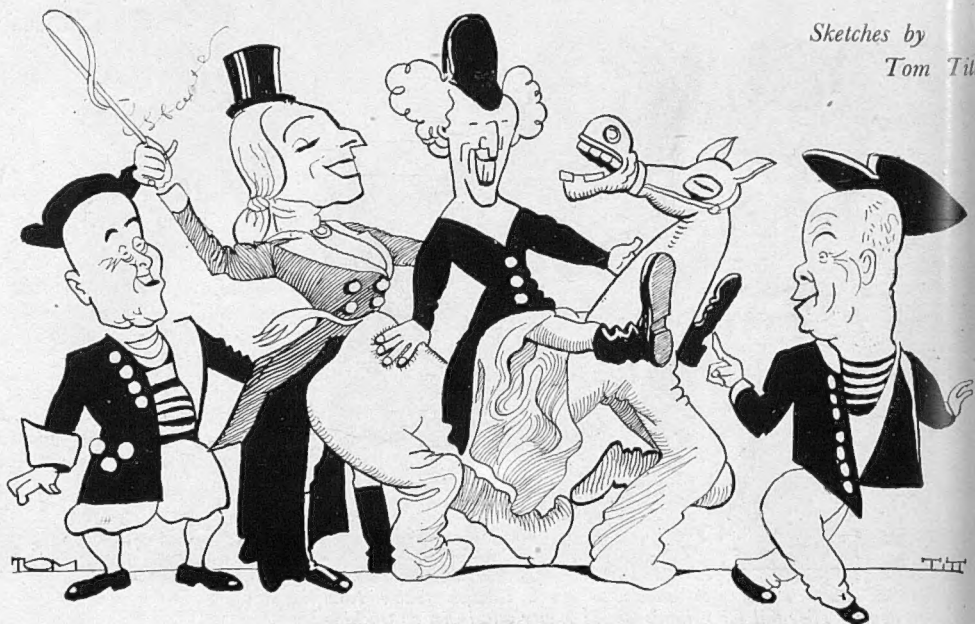


The big moment of the show comes as always when Prince Charming meets his Princess, and to the joy of every young heart in the audience finds that the slipper fits (Phyllis Hunter as Dandini, Fay Compton as Prince Charming and Linda Carroll as Cinderella)

hilarious exposure. These and similar high jinks were but a first-night foretaste of what they may by now be up to.

THERE are pictures mobile and static. *Cinderella* radiant in her fairy coach, a triumph of the electrician's craft, drawn by a team of little brown ponies, who paw the stage with gilded hooves, and whose combined heights possibly equal that of a good upstanding cob. In the Prince's French rococo ballroom the minuet is correctly tripped by the court, but the Lancers is a riot. *Cinderella* traditionally sweet, is tunelessly sponsored by Miss Linda Carroll, and Buttons has all Mr. Ted Ray's accomplishments—a penchant for baritone ballads, racy anecdote, and violin virtuosity. Dandini's second-fiddle duties are discharged by Miss Phyllis Hunter with delightful éclat.

What an intelligent foreigner might make of these revels is beside the point. They are perhaps the most English thing about us, and the laughter they evoke shows that King Panto's subjects are no less loyal or easy to please than were their fathers before them.



Sketches by Tom Titt

Laughter is provided by Nervo and Knox as Cecilia and Anastasia, *Cinderella*'s two ugly sisters, ably supported by Flip and Flop (Naughton and Gold) and Penelope the Horse (Agar Young and Partner)





Ingot: "These words like daggers enter in mine ears"  
 Ada: "They enter like daggers into mine, father dear, the way you read it"  
 Simon Ingot (Eric Adeney) ridicules the words of Shakespeare to the amusement of his daughter Ada (Rosalind Iden)

## The Romance of David Garrick

### The Revival of a Famous Love Story Told in a New Way

*The Romance of David Garrick* retells the story of Garrick's love for Ada Ingot. Ada's infatuation was such that she refused to marry young Edward Farren, heir to an earldom, and her father, Simon Ingot, sought the help of Garrick himself to cure his daughter's infatuation. Garrick staged a scene of drunkenness to disgust the young woman. He, however, discounted the possibility of finding that Ada was the woman he had long worshipped from afar. Only through the intervention of Kitty Clive does Ada learn the truth. Garrick challenges Farren to a duel, and, in victory, also wins the consent of Simon Ingot to the marriage of Ada and himself.



Garrick: "Why are you weeping?"

Ada: "I was weeping to think that what seemed so generous and good could be so degraded and wretched"

Garrick (Donald Wolfitt), having staged a scene of drunkenness and cheating in order to kill Ada's love, is overcome by remorse when he sees Ada's tears



Garrick in the Card-cheating Scene



Left: Garrick fights a duel with the Hon. Edward Farren (Patrick Crean). He is victorious, and Simon gives his consent to the immediate marriage of his daughter

Photographs by  
 Tunbridge-Sedgwick



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### The King's Messengers

ONE of the most romantic branches of the diplomatic service in peacetime must be the King's Foreign Service Messengers, those immaculate and mysterious young men who carry a silver greyhound in their pocket to take them safely and swiftly through Customs and frontiers, and who provide such an unending inspiration to romantic novelists. With the corridors of Europe guarded—for the time being—by the Tommy-guns of the German gangsters, the work of these young men is limited. The distance between his Majesty's Government and the Government of some friendly Power may frequently be covered in a few minutes' walk. Yet these men still carry in their hands papers with a much greater explosive potentiality than a bomb. The King has decided to recognise their work by creating a "King's Home Service Messenger Badge" in lieu of the greyhound. It is to be of blue and silver, with a greyhound incorporated in it.

### A Boxing Day Meet

THE Warwickshire Hounds held their Boxing Day meet at "the Kennels." This was, as usual, very popular, especially among the "young entry" home for the holidays, and there were a lot of followers mounted, unmounted and on bikes. Many people were riding unclipped horses which they are keeping out at grass. One couldn't help thinking what a contrast to a pre-war Boxing Day meet with these hounds—a wonderful scene then, when there would be a field of three to four hundred out, with at least two hundred pink coats amongst them. This year only the pink coats of the two hunt servants were seen. Uniforms were more the order of the day. There were officers and men from the R.A.F. and two from the Canadian Air Force. The Army was represented by several from our own army and one from the U.S.A. army, and the Navy by

two officers of the American Navy, who were guests in the neighbourhood for Christmas. The Red Cross and St. John was also well represented, for there is a war emergency convalescent hospital at Mr. and Mrs. "Jos" Fielden's home quite near, and amongst the workers there who attended the meet in their neat navy blue were Mrs. Walter Pepys, accompanied by Colonel Pepys. Their son, Tony, was wounded recently while serving with his regiment in Libya. Mrs. Hickman was also looking very nice in her uniform. Both her son and her daughter, Mrs. Grey, were riding; the latter, who rides astride and goes very well indeed, had a pack of hounds in Ireland for several seasons before she married. Two more ladies astride were the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, who was staying with her; they are two of Lord Cowdray's sisters. Mrs. Lakin's husband, who is now serving with the M.E.F., was joint M.F.H. of the Warwickshire Hounds before the war with the Hon. Marcus Samuel, also serving overseas.

### Among the Followers

MRS. GORE-LANGTON and Mrs. Jimmy Dance were both riding side-saddle; Major Dance is just home from the Middle East (I heard only for a couple of months), to give some lectures on the recent fighting out there. Lord Willoughby de Broke was enjoying a short leave from his Air Force duties, and answering enquiries about his baby daughter, who, I hear, is to be called Valerie. Lady Willoughby and her baby arrived back from the nursing home just a few days before, in time to spend Christmas at their home, Fox Cottage. The Willoughbys have one son, who is four years old. The Hon. Mrs. du Buisson was in her pony-cart, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Lady Portman, and her two nieces, who had all been staying with her for Christmas. Mrs. Philip Dunne and Mrs. Bromet both had their hands full, each having one of their younger children on a leading-rein. The Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet was bicycling with her youngest son, Simon; the two elder children were riding. Mrs. Jack Speed was another cyclist, as were Mrs. Norton Griffiths and her elder daughter, and very pretty Mrs. Humber, who was staying with the Jimmy Dances.

Others out were the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury, Mrs. "Jos" Fielden and her stepson, Mr. Lionel Fielden, all on foot; Major and Mrs. "Weary" Liddel, Mrs. Starkey, the Misses Profumo, Lady Watson, Captain Gerald Osborne, Mrs. Rosselli and her children; Sir Frederick Freake, Colonel Jack Speed (mounted), and Major and Mrs. Douglas Forster and their children.

This hunt, like many others, is trying to carry on during the war for the sole purpose of killing foxes, which are such a worry to farmers. During the war the hunt has been run by a committee with a field master, now Captain Bobbie Nicholls. Hounds are hunted by Will Maiden, who took over from the younger huntsman, Gillson, who joined up at the outbreak. Gillson was one of the followers on Boxing Day, being on a few days' leave from his regiment.

### A Gallant Little Admiral

I AM sure one of the many people who, though far away, had their thoughts with these hounds on Boxing Day was Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, who hunted in Warwickshire for many years and has a house there. At the beginning of this war he undertook the duties of "Field Master" to the Warwickshire. But though this gallant little man had retired from active service with the Navy in 1931, at the age of sixty, he could not be kept out of this war



### Children's Drawings

Lady Clark, wife of Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery, opened the exhibition children's drawings at the Cooling Galleries, to which children of several nationalities have contributed. She is holding up a small Alsatian girl, called Bren.

for long, and in 1940 he left his beloved Warwickshire and hunting to fight again, this time on land, and in due course was in action against Rommel's army in the Middle East, where unfortunately he was taken prisoner last year after putting up a great fight. Sir Walter fought at the Battle of Jutland during the last war, for which he was awarded the C.B. He won his D.S.O. as far back as 1898, since when he has been mentioned in dispatches and decorated many times.

### 1943 Pageant

FLAGS of the Empire and of all her Allies festooned the boxes at the Albert Hall on the first day of the New Year, for the grand pageant that was held there in aid of the British Red Cross, St. John, and Allied Red Cross Funds. Kings, Princes and Ambassadors stood up and bowed as they were indicated by Sir Harry Brittain, who began his speech by reading a message from our own King. King Haakon's was the first crowned head to be picked out by the spotlight; then came the



### Engaged

The Marquess of Lothian was dancing one night in London with his fiancée, Miss Antonella Newland. He is in the Scots Guards, and she is the daughter of Major-General Sir Foster Newland, and of Mrs. Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk.



### Married

Mr. Paul A. Negretti, The Black Watch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Negretti, of Guildford, and Miss Audrey Skipwith, Elsie Lady Skipwith's only daughter, were married in London on January 2nd. Her father is Sir Grey d'Estoville Skipwith, of Doles House, Andover.





### Seeing the New Year in at a London Restaurant

Swaze

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's eldest daughter, was dinner hostess to Mrs. Robert Laycock and Lieut. S. D. Dimetriadi on New Year's night. Mrs. Laycock is one of the two daughters of the Marquise Casa Maury, and a sister of Mrs. Tony Pellissier

Three others celebrating the beginning of 1943 were Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro, Captain E. Phillips and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor, who was a November bride; she is Mrs. John Dewar's daughter, and married Lord Astor's third son. Mrs. Hambro was Sylvia Muir before her marriage last March. Her husband is in the Coldstream Guards

turn of Yugoslavia's youthful King Peter; then Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, and so on, through the distinguished representatives of all the Allies—including Prince Felix of Luxemburg, who wore his uniform of a private in the Irish Guards.

The vast hall was packed, and clapping was thunderous as, one by one, contingents of all the Services marched, carrying their standards, up to the stage, accompanied by music from massed military bands. A very full programme included an address by Sir Stafford Cripps, messages delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Moderator-Elect of the Free Church Council, Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" spoken by Mr. Robert Speaight, carols by the Czechoslovak and Polish Military Choirs, an anthem, much music, and pageantry worthy of the name. Colonel E. C. Heath arranged and directed the proceedings, of which the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend was chairman, Sir Harry Brittain vice-chairman, and vice-patrons included Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Iliffe,

the Countess of Limerick and the Marchioness of Willingdon; their Majesties the King and Queen were patrons.

People I recognised among the hordes there included Princess Volkonsky, in a box, the Marquess of Donegall in Home Guard uniform, Lady Rumbold, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, in her St. John uniform, Lady Alexander (who, assisted by Miss Sylvia Schweppe, arranged the programme-selling), and the Hon. Mrs. John Stourton.

### Private View

THERE was a bustle of coming and going at the private view of the third United Artists' Exhibition, which aids the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple Champneys were there, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Bird—he is "Fougasse," the caricaturist, and she was wearing a lamb coat lined with reproductions in silk of his cartoons. Miss Naomi Jacob, the novelist, was in uniform; another woman novelist there was Angela Thirkell,

whose *Marling Hall* gave her fans a good laugh over Christmas. Mrs. Cowan Dobson wore a vivid red turban and an ermine coat; her husband was not there, but his exquisite still life—a bottle of champagne, a banana on a golden dish, and other exotic unobtainables—was much admired.

Then there were Sir Frank Newnes, of course, Mr. John Rothenstein, Madame von Neurath of Vienna, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Lady Cohen, General Sir Ernest Makins, Sir George Dyson, and many artists, among them Flora Lion and Elsie Few, whose portrait of Mrs. Shirley Cocks hung near John Hastings' version of Lady Oranmore and Browne. There was a great assortment of pictures, making a pleasant patchwork of colour when looked at as a vista, and emerging in great variegation on closer inspection. A splendid large, colourful work was "The Devil Dancer's Daughter," by Mudaliyar Amarasekara; distinguished contributors included Lady Patricia Ramsay.

(Concluded on page 36)



### A Wedding at Christ Church, Down Street

The marriage of Mr. G. W. F. Luttrell, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, and Miss Hermione Gunston, elder daughter of the late Captain Cecil Gunston, M.C., and Lady Doris Gunston, took place on December 25th at Christ Church, Down Street



### Bridesmaids at the Llewellyn—Vaughan Wedding

Lady Honor Vaughan had four grown-up bridesmaids and one small one at her wedding to Captain Rhyddian Llewellyn (see Frontispiece). They were Lady Auriel Vaughan, the bride's younger sister; Miss Clare Llewellyn, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Georgina Phillips and Miss Betty Dunn, wearing red velvet and carrying bouquets of holly, and little Amanda Fisher, daughter of the bride's elder sister





An off-the-set shot of director Leslie Howard getting the camera-man's view of the scene under construction



Betty (Joan Greenwood), a spoilt only child, and Dot (Jean Gillie), a good-time girl, meet for the first time in the station buffet. Dot has her boy-friend (Tony Bazell) to see her off



While in training the A.T.S. usually finish work at four o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer there follows a long period of sport. Here Gwen, Joan and Anne (Joan Gates, Barbara Waring and Joyce Howard) are among actual members of the camp where the film was made

## Seven Girls Go to War

"The Gentle Sex" is the First Feature Film of Women at War

*The Gentle Sex*, made by Two Cities Films, the company which gave us Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*, is the first screen salute to women at war. Directed by Leslie Howard, it has been made with the full co-operation and support of the Ministry of Information, the War Office and the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, and will be seen in London early this year. All the important sequences connected with camp life were filmed in their actual camp setting. The film tells the story of seven girls from all walks of life who are thrown together by mutual desire to serve their country. The parts of the seven girls are played by Joyce Howard, Rosamund John, Lilli Palmer, Jean Gillie, Joan Greenwood, Barbara Waring and Joan Gates. Each one of these girls went through four weeks of genuine recruit training before being passed out as fit to portray members of the A.T.S. on the screen. The story follows their lives from the day of posting up to the day when their individual duties are finally allocated. Director Leslie Howard has adhered strictly throughout to his intention that the story should tell how seven ordinary, everyday girls behave under wartime conditions and be a tribute to the many thousands of their contemporaries now serving the Allied cause of freedom so well



Maggie (Rosamund John), a Scots girl, is one of seven girls brought together by the exigencies of war. She is seen off by her mother (Elliot Mason)



Another of the seven girls is Joan (Barbara Waring), a dancing teacher. Her aunt (Everley Gregg) is with her



Yet another is Anne (Joyce Howard), daughter of an Army Colonel, with her father in staff uniform (Frederick Lester)



Their training complete, Maggie, Anne, Erna and Joan are posted to a convoy camp as drivers. They go to a canteen dance, and there Maggie, giving a demonstration of the Highland Fling, meets her Scots Corporal (John Laurie)





First night in the camp finds the seven girls trying on their regulation outfits. At first shy and diffident, they soon make friends, admiring each other's civilian possessions and laughingly rehearsing the drill which is to come. Good-time Dot takes the centre of the stage to the admiration of Anne and Maggie, a girl who comes from a dour Scots fishing family and for whom her new life opens out unexpected opportunities



Dot is determined to maintain glamour at all costs. Not for her the regulation pyjamas. A girl can serve her country equally well in flowered chiffon and tulle, according to her doctrine, which dies hard even in the austerity of camp



Even Gwen, the young Cockney waitress (Joan Gates), finds the khaki bloomers issued to all the girls a source of amusement. With her is a girl who is in real life a member of the A.T.S.



At another of the camp dances, to which all ranks are invited, Anne meets Flying Officer David Sheridan (John Justin), to whom she is instantly attracted. John Justin was given special leave from the R.A.F. to play this part



The girls, driving in convoy, meet at a roadside cafe. They had hoped to rest here, but instructions are received that the convoy must go on through the night. Erna (Lilli Palmer) is a Czech refugee. She represents in the film the Free Women of Europe









*Ann Abel-Smith*



*Karsh, Ottawa*

*Richard Abel-Smith*



*Elizabeth Abel-Smith*

*Richard, Ann and Elizabeth Abel-Smith are the three children of Major Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, and the grandchildren of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, and the Countess of Athlone. Lord Athlone is the third son of the late Duke of Teck, and is a brother of Queen Mary. Lady May is his only daughter, and her marriage to Major Abel-Smith took place in 1931. Her husband is in the Royal Horse Guards*

## The Rising Generation



*H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent*

*Six-year-old Princess Alexandra is the second child and only daughter of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent. Her younger brother, Prince Michael, was born on July 4th last year*



*Lenore*

*H.R.H. the Duke of Kent*

*The elder son of the late Duke of Kent and of the Duchess of Kent is now seven years old. He succeeded to the Dukedom last August, when his father met his tragic death in a flying accident*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

never-resting jaws, surrounded by piles of paper. Vous mâchez bien aujourd'hui, Madame. Oui, Madame, je mâche ces jours-ci avec un entrain formidable.

Modern gumchewing is a poor contribution to Art by comparison, apart from the fact that it doesn't hinder speech. A girl with her mouth full of *Times* leader couldn't talk back much, and if she did it would only sound like a *Times* leader.

## Tip

THOSE Parliamentary Glamour Girls who are still making a shrill issue of the need for women in the Home Guard (and pulling down quite a comfortable amount of publicity thereby) seem to visualise them chiefly as snipers, Heaven forbid. If we Home Guards visualise women in the racket at all, we visualise them as vivandières.

By this we don't mean arch mopsies of the Ouida type tripping round with dainty firkins of cognac, if there were any cognac. We mean the real vivandières of the Grande Armée, brawny, elderly, hamfisted girls, tough, hoarse, bellicose, often moustachioed, fundamentally motherly, leading little carts and bawling sergeant-majors out; girls of the type of the jolly old Duchess of Dantzig, born Madame Lefebvre, who used to roll round Tuileries receptions saying to the rank and fashion of the First Empire "When I was a washerwoman—" and laughing ho-ho.

## Moreover

IF they carried beer, tobacco and sandwiches in their little carts, such homely sweethearts would be of value to the Home Guard. In addition they could tell battalion commanders in the field what to do next, and in between times they could benefit the post-war papier-mâché (see above) industry by chewing some of those tons of *paperasserie* we get daily from Higher Up. We're just thinking aloud, as the big film boys say in conference when they wish to indicate that no feat on earth is beyond their powers.

## Halfbrick

HOLDING the sponge for Slogger William Blake, the wellknown poet, a correspondent claims the reason we never saw the fairies when we stayed in Blake's cottage at Felpham a few summers ago is that we are naturally coarse-minded, which God knows is true enough. On the other hand we saw a caterpillar, presumably a descendant of the one which moved the Slogger to that memorable cry:

The caterpillar on the leaf  
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief,

which we take to be two of the most idiotic lines in English poetry. Our own immediate reaction was:

His voice is weak, his gestures clumsy,  
He looks absurd, and so does Mumsie,

which clears that up. Oddly enough we came across a gossip boy last week to whom a little actress had confided breathlessly that she needed more room, figuratively speaking, to express herself—a familiar Blake *motif*, if you remember the famous lines:

A little actress in a cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

To this our shocked reaction, so far, is:

Far better for that tiny hag  
To put her in a Gladstone bag.

We wouldn't inflict all this poetry on you if we hadn't been deeply wounded by this chap's final sneer that we can't write verse like Blake. Did you ever!

## Change

JOKES about Hitler are mercifully absent from this year's pantomimes, the critics report. Such self-discipline would have been welcome in World War I., when any pantomime comedian who did not exploit Kaiser Bill and address the orchestra at least six times as "You gentlemen in the trenches" was deemed a flop.

Every pantomime resembling every other pantomime, we're apt to suspect the wellknown claim of Slogger Thackeray that on the morrow of every Boxing Day his pleasure was to lie in bed reading the *Times* pantomime notices "all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton." Our feeling is that Thackeray was demonstrating to his adoring public that he was Just One of Them; it's the old Uncle Cheeriboy gambit in which so many of the big booksy boys indulge when their agent tips them the warning signal. "Touting for affection" is Max Beerbohm's phrase for it.

Whether Thackeray really appreciated the pantomime convention is another question. You probably know that classic



"Stuart Hibbert says buck up with the news to-night; we've arranged a darts match with the Brains Trust crowd"

exclamation of a Victorian Demon King which sums up the whole business in two lines:

A piano in the woods! Ah! Here's my chance  
To execute a little song and dance!

On the other hand, with these huge furry ears, in January 1917, as we were waiting glumly in a Midland hell for a train to return us to the Front, we heard a Demon King declaim these lines:

Black though I be, of a hero I'll sing,  
Known to you all as "Powder-Monkey Jim."

## Inhibition

A MUSIC critic who described a pianist as "somewhat fierce" revealed the timorous nature of those critic boys.

They've probably been in a state of inhibited terror since Liszt found a small white critic with pink eyes cowering in his pianoforte and took it home in a cage. A week later he caught another, waving its forepaws nervously behind a pile of MS. scores. Before long the cage was full of tiny, squirming creatures, which afforded Liszt's visitors great amusement, though several ladies objected to their habits. Ultimately Liszt let the biggest one go on its promising him a good notice in the Sunday papers. The notice began "M. Liszt, though a frightfully fierce pianist, is very kind and gentle in his home-life and provides beautiful bread and milk and bits of cheese for one and all," a fawning attitude which disgusted Liszt with the whole critic tribe. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Now, gentlemen, imagine you have the Fleet in this position.  
I repeat—imagine . . ."



## Two in Uniform

Lady Moira Combe and  
Her Daughter, Audrey



*Leading Wren Audrey Combe*



*Lady Moira Combe*

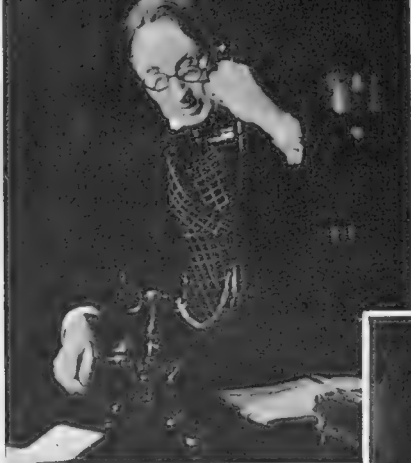
Lady Moira Combe, the beautiful wife of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe, D.S.O., wears the uniform of the British War Relief Society of America, and drives to Mr. Bertram Kruger, head of the Society in Britain, which does such wonderful work for the relief of war sufferers in this country. Lady Moira's daughter, Audrey, is in the W.R.N.S., whose latest head-gear is so becoming to young faces. She celebrated her twenty-first birthday in December, and has a brother, Peter, who is at Eton. Lady Moira Combe is the elder daughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell, and married Lt.-Col. Combe in 1920

*Photographs by Yevonde*



# Cannibal Grab

Mad Missionary, Converted Negro, Human Sacrifice—Dark Deeds, in fact, in "The House of Jeffreys"



## The Author

Russell Thorndike as Mr. Sharp, of the Bible-publishing house of Jeffreys, nervously beholds the converted ex-cannibal, Sabbath

Brother Russell's blood-curdler at the Playhouse provides a Grand Guignol orgy for sister Sybil. Scene—the respectable publishing office of the Jeffreys family in the 'eighties, complete with portrait of the Bloody Judge himself. Victim of his baneful influence, Georgina Jeffreys (Dame Sybil), returns from the mission fields to run the business, with a converted cannibal servant and, at the full moon when the tom-toms call, horrible instincts at work within. What happened to the woman colleague she left behind in Africa? What happens to her best author down the secret well in the basement? If you like secret doors, screams in the night and insanity nicely mixed with voodoo, this piece at the Playhouse, is just the thing



## Music hath charms . . .

Georgina Jeffreys (Sybil Thorndike) plays a missionary hymn to soothe Sabbath (Robert Adams), who has become excited by talk of cannibalism. Mr. Sharp (Russell Thorndike), Roberia (Gwendolyn Gray), Jane Poole (Rosemary Scott), Theodore Rudd (Arthur Pusey) and the Secretary (Judith Nelses) look on

## "I see the great red"

After thirty years in Africa, magic, human flesh, she sees many queer things. Her limp, gives a terrific stab



## Missionary fervour

Georgina, arrayed in her Doctor of Theology's robes, rehearses her address on her life's work



## Good man, bad girl

The orchidaceous Roberia (Gwendolyn Gray) tries to seduce the respectable author (Arthur Pusey), who is in love with Jane (Rosemary Scott)





"...es on your neck"  
-witel doctors, black  
—Georgina Jeffreys  
-bil Tordike, with  
he eerie and macabre



"Me go clean—me go sharpen!"

Sabbath (Robert Adams), the ex-cannibal, prepares to go native again. For nobility of character he compares poorly with Man Friday. As for the missionary turned publisher, she was quite prepared to roast any authoress whose books she disapproved of



"The Lord is not in the fire,  
He is a still small voice"

Maybe not, but the unfortunate Jane soon will be

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The blowpipe has done its worst

Sabbath, having rendered Roberta unconscious, prepares to remove the body to the fiery furnace below stairs. Georgina looks calmly on



"The Sacrifice, Sabbath, the Sacrifice"

Georgina performs the final rites in no uncertain manner



# A Famous Oboe Player

With His Family in Sussex



*Leon Goossens at Home*

*With a Friend: Goossens is Very Fond of Riding*



*The Goossens Admire Miss Betty Clark's Arab Pony*

Leon Goossens and his wife, formerly Leslie Burrowes, the dancer, live with their daughters, Jennifer and Corinne, in two charming converted Elizabethan cottages near Lewes. Goossens belongs to a famous musical family; his brother is Eugene Goossens, famous conductor and composer, and his sisters, Marie and Sidonie, are both principal harpists. He himself is almost unique in the world of music, as an oboe soloist, and gave his first solo recital in his native town of Liverpool at the age of twelve. He served in the Army in the last war, being wounded shortly before the Armistice. Well known for his appearances in Europe and the U.S.A., and as a B.B.C. broadcaster, Leon Goossens represented British music at the New York World Fair of 1939

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*A Musical Ride for Jennifer and Corinne*



# Rugby Doings

Of Three Public Schools



Michael Redgrave, the well-known actor, went to the Rugger match on December 8th between his old school, Clifton, and Sherborne, and saw his step-nephew, Roy Redgrave (with him here), score for Sherborne



At the Clifton-Sherborne Rugby match were the Rev. Peter W. Brook, former Rugger international, now a master at Clifton; Mr. A. D. Inlay, old Cliftonian and Cambridge cricket Blue; and Mr. R. S. Barlow, old Cliftonian and Cambridge Rugger Blue, now Rugger coach at Sherborne

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



## The Rugby Rugger Fifteen

Rugby have done well this season, beating Stowe 9—0; Cheltenham 25—0; and drawing with the invincible Bedford XV. by 12 points all. On the ground: N. R. Power, R. H. G. Power. Front row: J. B. Ewart, J. C. Wardill, J. A. Boyes (captain), R. J. Overton, N. J. D. Williams. Back row: J. R. Maitland, M. F. Pyman, H. D. W. Jones, M. R. Steele-Bodger, R. A. H. Owen, D. S. Gibbs, A. J. Bateson, C. E. Barber-Fleming, P. A. Winter (linesman)



## Clifton College Rugger Fifteen

When Clifton met Sherborne for the second time, they won by 9 points to 8. Earlier in the season they had defeated them by 14—8. Front row: A. J. Foster, J. W. Sherborne, G. W. Lamb (acting captain), J. H. Paull, G. M. C. Todd. Middle row: Rev. P. W. P. Brook (coach), J. J. O. Hickey (captain), C. L. O. Hale, L. Briggs, J. H. Inskip, R. B. Joly, L. J. Waugh, S. H. Budd (referee). Back row: R. A. Jones, F. R. Barratt, W. G. Arkle, G. N. Gent, D. J. Crisp



## Sherborne School Rugger Fifteen

Sherborne have only been able to play three other schools. They beat Downside, and were defeated by Blundells, and by Clifton on the two occasions when they met. Front row: I. M. L. Rowlings, G. Lucas, M. McCrum (captain), A. I. T. Robinson, D. I. T. Wilson. Middle row: E. B. A. Edwards, H. F. Sargent, W. H. Cherry, R. M. F. Redgrave, F. C. K. Cuthbert. Back row: F. M. Cassavert, C. A. Paterson, M. Pope, R. M. Gibbon, M. A. Cooke



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Palmarum Qui Meruit . . . ."

NEVER in history have the palms been more worthily bestowed than they now have been upon three gallant officers whom it has delighted the King to honour: one sailor and two soldiers. The new peer, whose style and title have yet to be announced, is one of the bravest men who ever wore the dark blue and gold of the Senior Service; the two soldiers are men of equally proven valour. When John Jervis was given an earldom for what he did off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, he took the name of that great battle for his title. If it were possible, it would be equally fitting if Sir Roger Keyes could embody the exploit of Zeebrugge Mole in 1918 in his new name. I fully appreciate, however, the obvious difficulty of a similarly happy solution. It was a dig-'em-out operation, a thing at which moles excel, but inspiration, even aided by these facts, is still elusive. It is well stated in a bare citation that Sir Roger Keyes "has given valuable service in establishing the Commandos"; but surely he was the progenitor of this form of operation? What was Zeebrugge but a commando raid on a large scale? All subsequent raids have been of the same pattern, as will be the very big ones which are to come. Sir Roger, as many people know, is a polo-playing and fox-hunting sailor; second in command of the Royal Naval Polo Association, and a very good man in the wake of a pack of foxhounds. It may be that these two facts conspired to make him a master of combined operations. When he handed over control of the Commandos it was to another fighting sailor, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is the best polo player in the Royal Navy.

## The Soldiers

IN the course of one of those wonderful lectures on "Generalship," Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, who is also a fox-hunter, said that a general must steel himself to treating his command just as he would a first-class hunter—i.e., as if he were only worth half a crown in the field but 500 guineas in the stable. I will not swear to having the figures exactly

right, but this is the gist. What Sir Archibald Wavell meant was that, in action, a general must be prepared to take almost any risk, but that no care and comfort were too much for the fighting man when not in action. And this is very right. Some people read this remark to mean that a general should be allowed to knock his troops about; but nothing is farther from the real meaning. No good commander incurs casualties recklessly; but he would be a very bad commander if he went forth to battle believing that you could make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. Once upon a time I knew a huntsman to a crack pack of hounds who said that a certain hound was "much too valuable to take out hunting." What happened? Why, this: that when the Master eventually insisted, and the good-looker was asked to do a job of work, he would not hunt at all. Every M.F.H., past and present, will know this hound. Field-Marshal Lord Gort, V.C., comes from a school where they take the game of cricket very seriously, and now and again have made their ancient foemen at Eton realise how much they do know about it. Lord Gort all through his gallant career has never played anything but "strict cricket," and he is quite incapable of doing anything else. It would smack of impertinence even to speak of his personal courage, but perhaps it may be said that his present command (Malta) is one which matches him in every imaginable way.

## This Year's Classic Races

THE point to observe about the preliminary announcement of the dates of this year's classic races is that the Derby and Oaks are both to be run on May 27th at Epsom, and that a similar arrangement is proposed where the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas are concerned—i.e., both on the same day, April 20th, at Newmarket. This means that any owner possessing a filly of exceptional brilliance, such as Lady Sybil, for instance, is compelled to make his choice, and cannot possibly have a shy at both the Derby and Oaks or the Two Thousand and One Thousand.



## An Anglo-Czech Wedding

Wing Cdr. Josef Snajdr, D.F.C., Czech Air Force, married Miss Hilary Hodgkin at St. Peter's, Vere Street. She is a sister-in-law of Wing Cdr. Percy Pickard ("F for Freddie" in "Target for To-night")

This seems a bit hard at first sight, but as so few fillies ever have won both groups of classics, it is not actually so. These dates, nevertheless, portend compression. This is only to be expected in the present uncertain conditions, for this war will not be over by April 20th, and it is also certain that no matter how fast events may move, there will still be a few bits and pieces left over when Leger Day arrives on September 1st. The fact that these races are announced to be run at their customary battle-grounds—Newmarket, Epsom and Doncaster—need mean nothing, for the same thing was done last season, the Stewards reserving the right to order them to be run at any course of their selection on twenty-eight days' notice. This is only a rational precaution, for there is still a very ugly Tom cat around and about, and no one can tell in which direction he may elect to jump. Personally, and not being in the least one of those wishful thinkers, I do not believe that this animal will have very much jump left in him by Leger Day.



## The R.N.E.C., Devonport Rugby XV Beat the Public School Wanderers

D. R. Stuart

The Royal Naval Engineering College, Devonport, beat the Public School Wanderers Rugby team by 27-3. The R.N.E.C. have won twelve matches this season, suffering their only defeat from Guy's Hospital. Front row: 2nd Lt. B. Cunningham, Lts. A. C. Simmonds, W. Nash, V. G. Morgan (captain), H. Evington, 2nd Lts. J. Hall, W. R. Middleditch. Back row: E. R. Gardner (trainer), 2nd Lts. C. A. Brown, P. B. Sindery, W. B. Stead, Lt. D. G. Pepper, 2nd Lt. D. P. Carroll, Lt. F. Thornton, 2nd Lt. J. S. L. Steadman, Lts. J. L. Wood, P. F. Witherden (linesman)

The Public School Wanderers are playing matches daily during the school holidays, and include men on leave from the Services, doctors and University players wanting a game. Most of their matches are played at Honor Oak Park. Front row: J. H. Gibson, C. S. M. Stephen, C. Burton (secretary), P. Carton-Kelly (captain), Major H. E. Winston (president), A. N. S. Burnett, J. D. Molyneux. Back row: J. P. Bush, P. J. Dryer, E. W. Graham, J. A. Reynolds, J. A. Coigley, A. P. G. Devett, F. T. Hayhoe, M. S. Ross, W. H. Lillywhite, A. B. Lee, P. M. Heywood (referee)





### Married in London

Mr. Robert Nesbitt, the theatrical producer, and Iris Lockwood, were married at Caxton Hall on January 2nd. Miss Lockwood is an actress, and has been appearing in "Get a Load of This"



### Officers of an O.C.T.U. of the A.T.S.

Back row: Subs. D. P. Laidman, H. Willans, M. C. Jones. Standing: 2/Sub. E. Nimmo, Sub. J. I. Fraser, 2/Subs. I. Holdsworth, P. Cotgrave, Sub. D. M. Harries, 2/Subs. A. M. Arthur, R. Barlow, B. Corrie, Sub. P. J. Palfreyman, 2/Sub. E. M. Bembaron, Sub. I. M. Brown. Sitting: Sub. J. M. C. Bradbridge, Jun. Cdrs. J. M. Selby Lowndes, M. E. G. Stocker, A. J. Montresor, Sen. Cdr. E. M. Vetch, Jun. Cdrs. G. M. Thompson, Adj. M. J. Canton, Subs. E. M. Coombe, A. Fraser-Tytler

### Flicker Fox-Hunting

SINCE no one has either the time or the money for the real thing and, alas and alack, may never have again, it is very nice of the manufacturers of films to do their best to fill an aching void. It is particularly so, because they manage to make this flicker fox-hunting so amusing, both anatomically and otherwise. The other day, for instance, I saw a film into which the fox-chase was introduced, and the heroine, a confirmed man-snatcher, cut a real ballooning voluntary over a very small obstacle, and the film said that she broke some ribs. This was extraordinarily clever of her, because I never knew that the ribs were situated in the particular spot of the lady which hit the ground first. I am supported in this view by a very eminent orthopaedic surgeon of my acquaintance, who assures me that in his long and varied experience he has never known ribs to occur in that particular spot. I suppose it is just a bit of artistic licence on the part of the film; but what was rather silly of them was that, after

they had got the heroine back to bed, they make a film doctor take her temperature and then allow her to wriggle about like a restless kitten on that bed. Presumably if she had broken her collar-bone that doctor would have made her put out her tongue and say "Ninety-nine." I have happened to break my ribs several times; but no doctor ever worried me with a clinical thermometer: it was just a big belladonna plaster and very wide bandages that would not let me move even if I wanted to. The bandages did not (for the information of our film friends) stop the confounded ribs hurting if I even so much as sneezed, blew my nose or even sniggered. So how this girl managed to reach out for the bedside telephone and then hop out of bed and hare off in a motor-car I don't know. A few little notes for the guidance of the Flicker Fox-Hunters: hunting coats are never worn open; ties should not be tied like ladies' fichus or the frills round a ham; no huntsman ever blows his hounds away from the tryst, or meet, under any conditions.

### "Chatterjee"

I OBSERVE that H.E. has complimented Calcutta upon "remaining calm" under air bombardment. As 99 per cent. of the white population is composed of men from "Caledonia stern and wild," personally I should have been much surprised if anything else had happened. As to the rest of the inhabitants, our old friend, Baboo Jabberjee Chatterjee, usually takes his time from the man who has always been "my fader and my moder," and, anyway, he is rather a stout fella, even though he has given us so much cause for mirth. I don't suppose, after the first unpleasant shock of the whine and the bang, that Chatterjee, who must be distinguished from the Congress-wallah type, cared a hoot. It is pleasant to note that casualties have, so far, been light; for they might so easily have been very much otherwise. Even a light H.E. falling in some of the teeming bazars of Calcutta would kill in rows, and as to incendiaries I shudder to think of what might happen.



### A Guards Armoured Brigade Football Fifteen

This team is having a very successful season, having recently defeated a strong R.A.F. West of England XV. They have several more engagements in the early part of this year. Front row: C. G. Irwin, P. Rees-Davies, J. G. Jenkins, J. I. Cropley, H. L. Glyn Hughes, D.S.O., M.C., R. St. J. Quarry, B. J. A. Lowe, Dixon, Dando. Back row: Goodwin, Ellwood, Staines, Wilcox, Harris, Roberts, Davis, Havard, Lloyd, Anthony, Coid, V. Tanner

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Spirit

ONE can admire a book for so many reasons—and when I say “admire,” I mean also *enjoy*; for cold, abstract admirations do not carry one far. In analysing a book I have found very satisfactory I generally find it gains high marks under three headings: material (or subject), style, and spirit. Spirit seems to me the most important of all. Even in a novel, one is mainly attracted or repelled by the author's attitude to his characters and to the situations in which they find themselves. It is the goodness or badness of this attitude that, ultimately, fixes the book's level. And, if this holds true of the novel, you will agree that, in autobiography, or any direct study of a man's own experiences and adventures, the spirit (being the attitude towards what has happened) affects one before anything else.

In *Whereas I Was Blind*, by Captain Sir Ian Fraser, C.B.E., M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), one is captured by the sheer spirit from the first page. Sir Ian's subject is his blindness, and the uses to which it has been put. As a subaltern of eighteen, he was blinded in France, in the last war. This happened in July 1916. Brought back to England, he had to fight the feeling that life was over—and only by inference does he let one gather the extreme grimness of the fight. But what might have been for the boy the conclusive tragedy, has been turned by the man's life into added good for the world. Not only in the great work done through St. Dunstan's, but in the part he has played in public life, Sir Ian has shown the triumph of character over circumstance. He rules out the idea of disqualification. He suggests that the power to live life—and, more, to enjoy the living of life fully—remains, first and last, in one's own hands.

In these days, when fate strikes such blows, this makes good reading. But, at any time, *Whereas I Was Blind* would be a remarkable, a salutary and an absorbing book. Inevitably, I have spoken first of its spirit—but the interest of the subject is self-evident. As for the style, it is direct, level-headed and clear—as one would expect. The arrangement of the material impressed me, too; for Sir Ian has much to say. He has kept a right balance between his different themes—his own life-story, the subject of blindness in general, the experiences of other blind men, St. Dunstan's (with special reference to Sir Arthur Pearson), the change in the general attitude towards blindness, and the advances made in work done for the blind.

## Re-Learning to Live

THE story of the re-adaptation to ordinary life is fascinating—as told here, it reads like a sort of adventure-story. Complete and sudden blindness, happening to the adult, produces the helplessness of infancy: all the faculties have to be rallied, to help one emerge from this. The remaining

senses must combine to substitute for the missing one. Ingenuity comes into play; with regard to ordinary life, one becomes a sort of detective—picking up clues, piecing together the random messages got from hearing, touch, and the sense of smell. The first unaided walk round the room, then down the passage, then down the London street—each of these is a voyage of discovery, with some attendant perils and undeniable thrills.

As to the actual state of blindness, and the different sensations and moods that go with it, Sir Ian could not be clearer. Many seeing people speculate about blindness, but would hesitate to question a blind friend. All these unworded questions Sir Ian answers. He seems to be able to meet half-way the curiosity of seeing people—and his attitude towards blindness is so completely objective and matter-of-fact, that he removes any shyness one might feel on the subject of one's own curiosity. I thought his passage about dreams (do the blind see in their dreams?) particularly valuable—he has collected accounts of dream-experience from many blind men who are his friends. He mentions sleeplessness as one of the troubles of the blind.

Another great trouble—the first, perhaps, especially in the case of a young, self-respecting and normally ambitious man—is the fear of being unable to play a man's proper part in the world. To be debarred from a career, marriage, and social life would be very bitter; it would be worst of all to feel oneself a drag on the community. Sir Ian shows how groundless these



## Honour for Miss Lilian Braithwaite

Miss Lilian Braithwaite received a great ovation from the audience at the Strand Theatre, where she is appearing in “Arsenic and Old Lace,” following the announcement of the honour bestowed on her in the New Year's Honours List. Miss Braithwaite is now a Dame of the British Empire. She is seen receiving a bouquet from Miss Mary Jerrold (her sister Martha in the play), while Firth Shephard adds his congratulations.

fears may be. He discusses the many professions open to blind men; also, how they may avail themselves of the education needed to fit them for these careers. He suggests that the initial conquest of blindness is, in itself, a psychological education, and that the blind man who has regained control of life may often have an advantage over his seeing fellows where self-reliance, initiative and general strength of character are concerned.

And many pleasures await the return to life. Sir Ian, always a horseman, soon rode again, and loves swimming. Rowing, running and cycling are enjoyed by the blind. Listening-in might have been invented specially for them: they can enjoy plays and (though to a less extent) talking films. Sir Ian devotes an important chapter to reading—braille and “talking books.” As to social life—he believes that much depends on the blind man, who must know how to set his seeing companions at ease. Interest in other people, quick sympathies, and a perceptive feeling for character are (as in seeing relationships) the essentials.

The chapters about St. Dunstan's—from its start to the present day—in themselves go to add something to social history. But it is in its cheerful frankness as a personal document, and as an addition to our up-to-now scanty literature on the subject of blindness, that *Whereas I Was Blind* seems to me unique. In writing, Sir Ian has had in mind the new, and potentially tragic, generation of blinded young men and women that this war will bring in—from not only its battlefields, but its civilian fronts. One can feel him hold out a friendly hand to these young, and perhaps still desolate newcomers to his world of the blind. . . . I would advise

(Concluded on page 54)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

### NOT so very long ago By Richard King

I read that Lady Astor had registered her disgust at finding a street blocked by brewers' vans. Oh, how I tried to share that sense of moral horror! Alas! however, I tried—and I failed. I would keep arguing with myself the question—if my own street had to be blocked by something, whether I would not as eagerly have it blocked by brewery vans as by taxis filled with politicians frustrated in their effort to reach Westminster? Finally, I decided for brewery vans. And this decision was purely disinterested because I do not like beer and, moreover, the hostility is mutual. Neither does beer like me. My alcoholic tastes, alas! are purely vinous. Which is unfortunate; especially in these days when even a pint of “Product of France” (sez it!) costs nearly a pound a bottle.

Nevertheless, I like pubs. And the more “pubby” they are, the better I like them. Not for me the luxury lounge wherein well-dressed females of all ages and sizes sip cocktails and port wine and kill stone dead all general conversation. No; I like a downright public-house where working men and just working men congregate, their bonhomie Elizabethan and their adjectives strictly limited, though unnecessarily plentiful. Vulgar they may be, but it is a clean, honest vulgarity—ininitely preferable to the mincing amatory atmosphere of a milk bar after dark. Especially do I like those pubs where men enter to spend the evening, not merely

to order a drink and rush out again. Then you get atmosphere, you get socialism, you get democracy, and, if you are so willed, you get drunk.

One of the great advantages of universal suffrage—even though it does include, in my opinion, too many youthfuls and too many irresponsibles—is that it keeps the cranks out of Parliament. Otherwise, we should have no common, human pleasures and life would become a series of impressive façades with nothing cosy and homely and hilarious behind them—like London as replanned en masse by an architect. That delightful unexpectedness of individuality is one of the few joys left in a too-well-ordered life. A few downright follies are absolutely necessary to the fun of living. And if life is going to be all-earnest and totally unfunny—well, I have a suspicion that that part of human nature which cannot breathe in the atmosphere of mountain tops will fill more and more streets with brewery vans, or their symbol. One can become smothered by too much virtue, just as one can become nauseated by too much vice. Life requires its moments of half-and-half. It is good for us to unbutton the mind as well as the waistcoat. And, except for the closest, most bosom-like friend, one can unbutton the mind more comfortably among strangers than among intimates. Hence some of the popularity of the plain pub. May they long endure and may they never turn into lounge-bars!



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Warner — McWatters**

F/Lt. John J. P. F. Warner, younger son of Sir Pelham and Lady Warner, of 3, Malvern Court, S.W., married Jean Mary McWatters, only child of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. V. McWatters, of Fairways, Wrexlesham, Farnham, Surrey, at St. James's, Rowledge, Surrey



**Sturrock — Greig**

John Duncan Sturrock, R.E., only son of the late Dr. W. D. Sturrock and Mrs. Sturrock, of 32, Holywell, Oxford, married Janet MacRobin Greig, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Greig, of Teerna Court, W., at St. Simon Zelotes', Chelsea



**Lewis — Ledingham**

Captain Richard P. C. Lewis, The King's Regiment, elder son of Major and Mrs. R. E. Lewis, of Farnborough, Hants., married Sheila Curtis Ledingham, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. A. Ledingham, of Stanfont Grange, Bordon, Hants., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Bufton — Browne**

Group Captain S. O. Bufton, R.A.F., second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Bufton, of Llandrinod Wells, married Susan Maureen Browne, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. M. Browne, of 66, Elm Park Gardens, S.W., at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Drew — Kaye**

S/Ldr. Edmund Drew, of Bigbury, Kingsbridge, Devon, and Elizabeth Mary Kaye, only daughter of the Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Kaye, of North Willingham Vicarage, were married at Lincoln Cathedral



**Marangos — Swinden**

John A. Marangos, son of the late A. Marangos, of Athens, and Peggy Diana Swinden, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Swinden, of Bryanston Court, W., and Folkestone, were married at the Greek Cathedral, Moscow Road



**Sheridan — Greene**

Roderick Sheridan, Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Joseph and Lady Sheridan, of Nairobi, Kenya, married Lois Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Greene, of Cranmer Court, Chelsea, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens



**Merrilees — Shipton**

P/O. Thompson Merrilees, R.N.Z.A.F., fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Merrilees, of Wellington, N.Z., married Margaret Grace Shipton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shipton, of Stratton-on-the-Fosse



**Stapleton — Whiteside**

Wing Cdr. Deryck Cameron Stapleton, D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stapleton, of Calcutta, married Ethleen Joan Clifford Whiteside, daughter of Sir Cuthbert and Lady Whiteside, of Grahamstown, S.A., at the Savoy Chapel

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

## Wedding at the Guards' Chapel

THERE was a large crowd at the Guards' Chapel and afterwards at the Dorchester for the marriage of Lady Honor Vaughan to Captain Rhyddian Llewellyn, of the Welsh Guards. Lady Honor, who is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, had a lovely but simple frock of gleaming white satin with two rows of pearls. On her dark hair was a wreath of orange-blossom, holding her tulle veil in place. Her bouquet was of orchids, and orchids also decorated the cake, encased in the now usual wartime white cardboard which simulates very successfully the pre-war icing. The four bridesmaids, Lady Auriel Vaughan, Miss Georgina Philippi, Miss Clare Llewellyn and Miss Betty Dunn, were a particularly good-looking quartette, cosy in their frocks of ruby-red velvet, with bouquets of red holly and silver leaves matching their headresses. Lady Llewellyn, the groom's mother, stood by Lady Lisburne, both in black, Lady Lisburne, as always, so handsome with the lovely dark eyes indicative of her Chilean birth. I saw many young-marrieds in the crowd of friends, among them the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key in a mink coat, Lady Helen Berry with her husband, the Hon. Lionel Berry, Mrs. Mackenzie (Lady Shakespeare's pretty daughter) in a cosy skunk jacket, Lady Mary Berry, wearing a tall cossack hat of brown ermine to match her coat, with her husband, and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg with her father, Colonel James Horlick, who was proudly recounting how she now does all the cooking at her country home. She cooked a Christmas Day children's lunch for twenty-two and a dinner for eight in the evening, holding a cookery-book in her left hand while stirring with her right. Another young matron I saw was the bride's elder sister, Lady Gloria Fisher, who married Lady Shakespeare's son, and whose little girl, Amanda, who is just three and a bit, was a bridesmaid, though a rather shy one. Lady Sherwood was another, and her young sister, the Hon. Diana Berry, was there with Viscount and Viscountess Camrose, carrying her red cap, which is just the colour of her bag. Lady Kemsley, in a bright green frock, was with Lord Kemsley; Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys was talking to the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, she in a gay red tweed and gorgeous and amusing bracelets, and Lady Sarah Churchill, who works in a munitions factory with one of the bridesmaids, Lady Auriel Vaughan.

## Round and About

LORD and Lady Melchett are likely to be seen more of in London in the future, for they have taken a flat in Grosvenor Square. Lady Melchett spends most of her time at her country home near Bedford, where Colworth is a Nurses' Home, of which she is Commandant. During the last six months she has been in London only two or three times, once to lunch with the Prime Minister and once to lunch with General Smuts who is a very old friend and godfather to one of her sons, for she is a South African herself. Derek, the eldest son, is now in the Navy; Julian goes into the Fleet Air Arm this month; and Karis is still a schoolgirl. Recent lunchers-out have included the Marquess of Londonderry, not quite recovered from his recent operation, with his son and daughter-in-law, Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh, and the Duchess of Sutherland; the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel with her husband, and Sir Courtauld Thomson, Sir John and Lady Chancellor and Lady Erskine.



Painting a Portrait in a Hospital

Anna Zinkeisen, the well-known artist, is an officer in the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and in the intervals of nursing in the casualty depot of St. Mary's Hospital she carries on with her painting in an evacuated part of the hospital. Here she is with her portrait of Mr. FitzHerbert Wright, High Sheriff of Derby

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

no possible reader to miss this fine book. Especially, however, it should be made known to those whose friends or relations have suffered the fate of blindness. The blind themselves (to whom, I hope and imagine, the book will immediately become available in braille) will surely gain much from the fruits of Sir Ian's experience. His conquering spirit must speak to blind and seeing alike.

## British Romanticism

THE entrusting of the study of *British Romantic Artists* ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.) to John Piper was certainly an inspiration. My only regret is this: that his authorship has (apparently, in his own feeling) debarred him from mention of his own painting—which epitomises his subject—and from the inclusion of any picture of his among the superbly-chosen illustrations. Having reproached the book for this incompleteness, I must say that I find it, in all other ways, ideal. Here you have imaginative criticism, with a firm, sober background of facts and dates.

The English spirit has been always preponderantly romantic. Classicism, whether in literature or in painting, has at every time been, with the English, something of a misfit, a constraint. For the cloudy, the troubled, the ecstatic, the voluminous, poetry has been a fitter outlet than prose. There is, however, a certain danger of weakness in the removal of the classic restraints: romanticism has to be watched closely, or it dilutes into sentimentality. Thus, romantic art must be practised with a burning austerity; with a high and unremitting regard for form, for technique. The artist must steer an instinctive way between academicism on the one hand, and over-free, facile emotionalism on the other.

Loss of height, in fact, is fatal. Some of the British romantic painters Mr. Piper speaks of did lose height—or were over-tempted by popularity. Some, running riot in querness, remained "minor." Some—like Cotman—remained obscure, discouraged, up to the time of their deaths. Some—like Girtin—died young. With others, the susceptibility that made for romantic painting coincided only with the years of actual youth—groups of inspired young people worked with, and learned from, each other, but fell apart towards middle age. There were, however, giants—Blake, Constable, Turner—whose life in romantic art was as long as their life in years. In these men, maturity and increased command of technique went with intensification, not with blurring of vision.

For the true definition of romantic painting I refer you direct to Mr. Piper. I may say that it does *not* mean large dentists'-waiting-room oil pieces depicting lochs, battered cattle and curdling mists. You will be surprised by some of his illustrations, which lay a curious finger on one's nerves. Many names that he mentions may be almost unknown to you—as they were to me. You will be enriched by this book. It is a rare opportunity this—of travelling, in John Piper's company, the still little-known territory of our romantic art.

## Toughness

MR. NIGEL BALCHIN'S *Darkness Falls from the Air* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is one of the most remarkable novels that I have struck this season. It is short (in view of the fact of all it contrives to say), and has pages on pages of curt, lifelike, smooth-surfaced, yet somehow wounding, dialogue. In places it is brilliantly funny; at the same time, it is charged from beginning to end with a grief and anger it never directly states. . . . It is the kind of novel that, having picked up in a library or bookshop, you would be likely to take home, because it looked "easy reading." You would be perfectly right—it is easy reading; the only trouble I had was in ever putting it down. At the same time, it left me feeling disturbed. I had become almost too much involved with the characters.

William Sarratt, who tells the story, is employed as a temporary Civil Servant in one of the Ministries. His office exasperations are extremely revealing—will Mr. Balchin, in some quarters, be popular? And the home life—or absence of this—to which he returns in the evenings, is little calculated to soothe his nerves. His wife, Marcia, is having an affair with a writer, Stephen—and is painfully honest with William about this. William loves Marcia, and never doubts that she continues to love him. He keeps up, about the situation with Stephen, a barrage of dry, equable mockery—Stephen offers, indeed, an easy mark for his wit. There are no "big scenes": William knows too well how to deflate Stephen's dramatisations. William, in fact, both at work and at home, is tough.

All the same, all three of them suffer. The nightly blitzes (for this is September 1940) are no more than grotesque interruptions—until the end. . . . You may read *Darkness Falls from the Air* for two reasons: as a ruthless study of Whitehall, as a note on the tragic oddness of human relationships.

## Gruesome Farce

"TINSLEY'S BONES," by Percival Wilde (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is an American detective-story with an excellent rural-comedy vein. New England worthies—the village is Taunton, Connecticut—have a high time at an inquest. Alastair Tinsley, local mystery-man and best-selling author, appears to have incinerated himself. Each witness is a "character," whose rambling evidence goes to thicken the plot. The solution is quite ingenious—you may guess it; I did not.





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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing some charming blouses. They are cheerful, simple and practical, and may be worn with a variety of skirts. Two are portrayed on this page. The one on the left is of fancy lamé; the colours are gay and there are many alliances. They are sometimes called "fuel savers," as the sleeves are long and the necks high. They are decorative. Of a totally different genre is the blouse above, which is expressed in many pastel shades, its monotony being broken by a "line" of ribbon. There is a wealth of choice in lace blouses, black being well represented. These, in days gone by, the elder women considered their prerogative, but now the younger women look on them with favour, a pearl necklace or a diamond brooch completing the scheme

Lillywhite, Piccadilly, are warmly to be congratulated on the man-tailored suit on the left, which is carried out in a black fancy-wool mixture, relieved with collar and pipings of white marcella piqué. The basque is becoming, while the short sleeves are youthful. It must not be overlooked that a feature is made of variations on the classic-tailored theme. Of course, the trousers are well represented; they are admirably cut and tailored. It is sometimes overlooked that this firm specialises in felt hats for country wear, and they may also appropriately be worn in town. Footwear also is to be seen in these salons, both for men and women in the Services, as well as complete outfits for the same



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Playing Planes

SINCE I became a fully accredited, officially recognised, properly certificated and authorised third-class season ticket holder on a noted railway, I have been reflecting that railways are not what they were when I was a boy and I have been speculating about whether aeroplanes will suffer a similar decline. Sometimes as I ride towards London in an electric train I notice—as we run in towards the terminus—a steam locomotive pulling an express running on one of the contiguous lines. It is a magnificent spectacle and the engine driver and fireman demonstrate the triumph of mind over matter as they lean from the cab scanning the signals or whatever it is they do. Contrast this with the electric trains. They are wretched blind things, with no outward and visible signs of tractive power. You cannot see the driver (whom, I believe, they insult by describing as a "motor man"), and the front looks just like the back and is totally without interest or spectacular appeal. The driver is in the darkness of his front compartment and looks through a small window. He is submerged by the machine which appears to be operating on its own and without human guidance.

It is a pathetic decline. I cannot as yet see a parallel decline taking place in aircraft, although I can see signs that such a one might take place in the future. The old, open cockpits did at least allow pilots an excuse for the most horrific helmets and face masks. They still have to use helmets and masks; but that is only because we have not yet attained the perfectly ventilated and heated pressure cabin with loudspeaker communication like that used in some offices. No doubt we shall eventually reach that stage. And just when infantry soldiers are dressing themselves up with more and more complicated equipment, the airman will go up in his ordinary uniform without even changing his shoes. That, however, should not spoil the appearance of the machine. Although the officers and airmen in charge

may sit in their Perspex houses fully uniformed, the aeroplane itself should seem just as fine when viewed from the ground. Indeed, its line should improve. So we need not as yet become too dismal about the coming decline in the spectacular appeal of the aircraft.

## Aerial Honours

LOOKING back at the 1st of January, I remember that I was the victim of divided emotions when I glanced through the list of people in aviation who had received honours. First, there was my early belief that no honours, only decorations, should be granted in time of war; and, second, there was my recognition of the fact that some of those honoured richly deserved their rewards.

A great deal of important air development work is done by men who cannot appropriately be recompensed by any other way except the conferring of an honour. And there are among many of the best of them those who appreciate an honour more highly than any other kind of reward. Sometimes regrettable psychological errors are made in the distribution of honours. They can lead to hard workers getting the impression that slackness is better appreciated, or that some futile but high-sounding activity is looked on as being of more value than the drabber, essential duties. Honours lead to heart-burning and their distribution should be most carefully watched. Wrongly given they do far more harm than good. Rightly given they afford the nation, through its government, an opportunity of recognising good service.

## Names Please

AMONG the names I was glad to see appearing in the New Year's list were those of Air Marshal



W/Cdr. S. B. Bintley, A.F.C.

Wing Commander Bruce Bintley lost his life shortly before his thirtieth birthday when returning from an all-night raid over Italy. Since the outbreak of war, Bruce Bintley had been on operational duties. He leaves a wonderful record of service. His group captain writes: "He was a magnificent squadron commander, a first-class pilot and a fine officer. His courage, straightforwardness and loyalty were beyond all question"

Leigh-Mallory, in the R Air Force group, and of Mr. (Group Captain) P. W. Bulman in the civilian group. It was also good to see Commodore Whitney Straight mentioned in dispatches. Leigh-Mallory, as Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command, has a most difficult problem before him; but it is a problem which might be described as an inversion of that which confronted his predecessors. Hugh Dowding had to lead small forces to repel attacks; Sir Sholto Douglas over during a continuation of this period and remained in Fighter Command until tables began to be turned. Fighter Command gains strength absolutely and actively to the enemy. Its air are primarily defensive (as fighters must be) in fundamental design considerations; yet they must be made minister to the offensive as far as possible. To utilise the growing fighter force to the best advantage is by no means easy. Already we

seen something of what Air Marshal Leigh-Mallory proposes to do about it and it has been good.

Mr. Bulman did great service to the Allied cause during his visit to America. He is one of our best test pilots with a rich fund of experience all of which he placed at the service of the United States manufacturers.

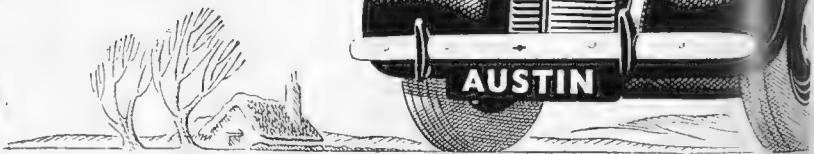
## Aerodynamics

A CURIOUSITY of aircraft development is that a new machine represents an advance on its predecessor in aerodynamic cleanliness, but that a modification in the machine represents a decline. It is a strange but seemingly inevitable process. So a body with an iron will would be needed to check



FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

# When is a pneumatic tyre NOT a pneumatic tyre ?



A tyre is not really pneumatic unless the load is being carried by the air inside it. Any underinflated tyre carries part of the load on its casing. This causes overflexing. The heat generated results in separation and rupture of the fabric. Rapid, uneven wear of the tread ensues. Don't spoil the value of your Austin's wartime job by letting it waste precious rubber. Always keep tyres at correct pressure.

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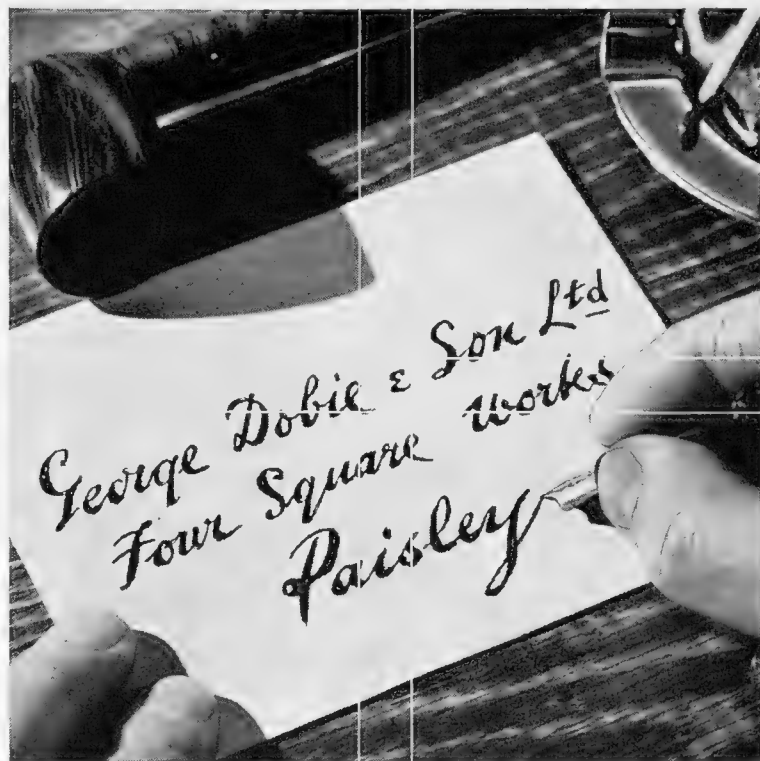
and

## WAR SAVINGS

"It may interest you to know that our War Savings Campaign to which I referred in my last report, has met with great success. Our employees are now contributing at the rate of £250,000 per annum, nearly twice the amount contributed in the previous year. I need hardly say our efforts are continuing."

*Lord Hirst, of Witton,  
Chairman and Managing  
Director in his Chairman's  
Speech at the G.E.C. Annual  
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Many pipe smokers who are living away from home seem to be finding difficulty in getting their favourite **FOUR SQUARE**. If you are one of them please send us a line and we will do our best to put things right through a tobacconist near your present address. Incidentally, supplies can be sent **DUTY FREE** to H.M. Forces Overseas and British P.O.W. in Germany or Italy. Particulars from your Tobacconist or write direct to us.

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A POLICEMAN on point duty saw a young man removing a spare tyre from a car drawn up by the roadside, and went over and demanded to know what he was doing.

"I'm stealing this tyre—what do you suppose I'm doing?" said the young man.

The policeman, deciding that he had been a bit too clever, strolled back to his post. The young man strolled down the street with the tyre.

A few minutes later the owner of the car appeared and rushed up to tell the policeman that his spare tyre had been stolen.

"PETERBOROUGH," in his column in the *Daily Telegraph*, told this one:

A former new junior in an important marine insurance office is still trying to live down a piece of unconscious humour which is recalled by the reported sinking of the Greek steamer *Cleanthis*.

His first job was to attend to the telewriter by which the underwriter asked the records department for the insurance statistics of ships. One day the underwriter wanted the record of the *Cleanthis*.

The young clerk misread what appeared on his end of the telewriter, scratched his head, seized the style which operates the other end of the instrument in the underwriting-room and wrote. The astonished underwriter watched the automatic pen slowly spell out "C-l-e-a-n w-h-a-t?"

LIFE isn't very fair to men. When they are born their mothers get the compliments and the flowers. When they are married their brides get the presents. When they die their wives get the insurance.

THE witness was certainly not young, and the young barrister thought it would be to his advantage to get her rattled.

"And now, madam," he said, "I must ask a personal question. How old are you?"

"Young man," she replied, "it isn't more than an hour since the judge objected to hearsay evidence. And I don't remember being born."

A NEW recruit had been thoroughly "told off" by the young lieutenant. Next day he passed the lieutenant without saluting. He was stopped.

"Why didn't you salute me?" asked the officer sternly.

"W—well, sir," said the rookie, "I thought you were still cross with me!"

THE reporter was interviewing a prosperous soap manufacturer.

"It's a well-known fact," he said, "that you made your fortune out of soap, Mr. Lather. Now to what do you attribute your success?"

"To clean living, my friend, to clean living," was the prompt reply.



Roye

## Principal Boy at His Majesty's

Florence Desmond is once again the very charming Principal Boy in "Jack and Jill," revived for a second season by Jack Hylton at His Majesty's Theatre. The cast is the same as last year (with the exception of the Principal Girl, now played by Kathleen Moody), and includes Arthur Askey, Brian Michie, Jack Hartman and "Monsewer" Eddie Gray

A NEGRO baptist was exclaiming: "Now, breddern sistern, come up to de altar have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man. "Why, Brudder Jones, yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away!"

"Where?"

"Over at de church a de road."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, ain't been washed—yo' been dry cleaned."

"WELL, dear," said Mrs. Brown after the evening was finished, "what are you planning to do this evening?"

Mrs. Brown shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing special," she replied. "I'll probably write a letter or two, read, listen to the radio, and so on."

"I see," her husband replied. "When you come to the end of the day, don't forget my shirt button."

THERE was a scream of brakes as the bus pulled to a sudden stop, to avoid a flustered-looking pedestrian who was dithering in the roadway.

Crimson with strain and rage, the driver leaned out of his cab. It was plain he was controlling himself with a great effort as he asked politely:

"May I ask what are your plans, sir?"

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## WISHFUL THINKING

"Very seasonable weather we're having, aren't we, Dillon?"

"Grr!"

"Dillon, you're disgruntled. You are feeling the heat. One might almost say that you have broken into a gentle glow."

"Sweating like a battery mule."

"Don't be coarse now Dillon. Just because you're squatting in the desert there's no need to go on like a Bloomsbury intellectual."

"Only wish I were in Bloomsbury now."

"Wish you were in Bloomsbury! Whatever for?"

"So that I could jump into a cab and go to Mayfair. Stand myself

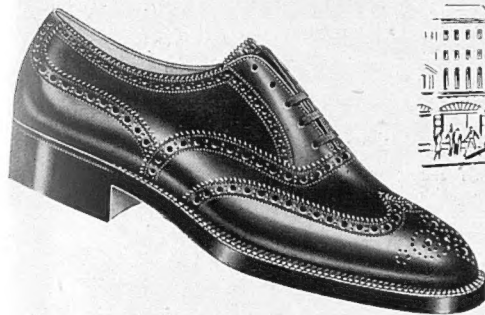
areally good party. A party would do my morale no end of good."

"Wouldn't do you any good at all, Dillon. You'd only wake up the day after with a wicked headache and a taste in your mouth like the exhaust of a tank."

"Don't you believe it. At this party that I wish I were at, there'd be lashings of Rose's Lime Juice. Gin and lime would go down well in weather like this, eh? Big long ones with soda-water and ice! Not a suspicion of a hangover either."

"Rose's Lime Juice! I'd almost forgotten. How one gets out of touch with civilization, squatting out here. Let's have a party now—a little chlorinated water served warm."

ROSE'S — There is no Substitute



# "Waukeezi"

## WHENEVER YOU WALK!

An entirely new "high water mark" in scientific fitting and walking comfort has been set in the newest "Waukeezi" shoes for men. Built on remarkable new American lasts based on the most recent American and Canadian practice and standardized to British measurements, giving the same proper fit and extreme comfort as Service men are enjoying in Service footwear, these shoes provide a revelation in walking ease and style never before experienced. See them at good shoe shops.

# "Waukeezi"

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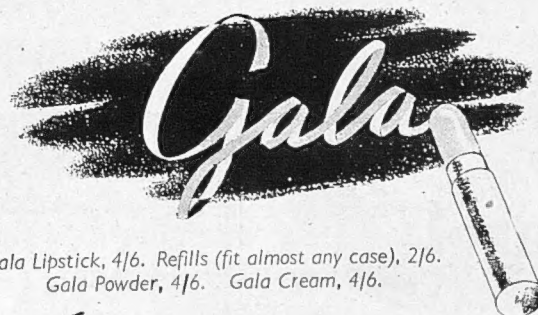
37/6 to 50/-

The Waukeezi Shoe Co. Ltd., Phoenix Works, 4 St. George's Street, Northampton.



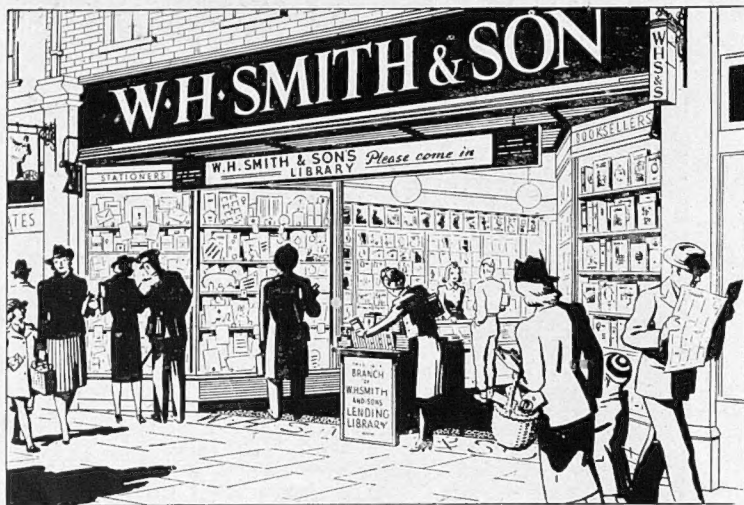
## CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



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## Thank you, and may 1943 be the dawn of happier times

The other day one of our branch managers, in the course of a report to Head Office, said: "The assistants at this branch are all girls—some very young, three with husbands in the Forces, and two with families. They are carrying responsibility with cheerfulness and resource, and their loyalty is beyond question. They are keeping open the jobs for the W.H.S. men and women in uniform [more than 3,000] and they are maintaining our customers' goodwill." We believe from what customers tell us that the staff of our 1,500 shops and station book-stalls are in a good many cases more than maintaining goodwill, they are increasing it; and for that we say to them, and especially to those who have come back from well-earned retirement: thank you, and may 1943 be the dawn of happier times.

At some branches things are far

from what we should like them to be, and we appreciate our customers' friendly understanding of the difficulties of wartime trading. In many districts, for example, we cannot obtain staff for newspaper deliveries, and the branch manager—often the manageress—works long hours, and trying hours, for no one likes to have to disappoint customers or refuse them the things they want to buy. But, in the main, W.H.S. men and women (and boys and girls) everywhere are doing their best to supply the public with all their reading and writing requirements—newspapers and magazines, newspaper advertisements, books to buy or borrow, stationery and printing, and bookbinding. And a wartime "extra"—Savings Certificates, for, as in the last war, W. H. Smith and Son are honorary official sellers for the National Savings Movement.

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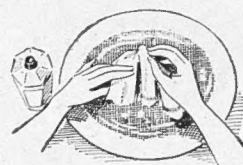
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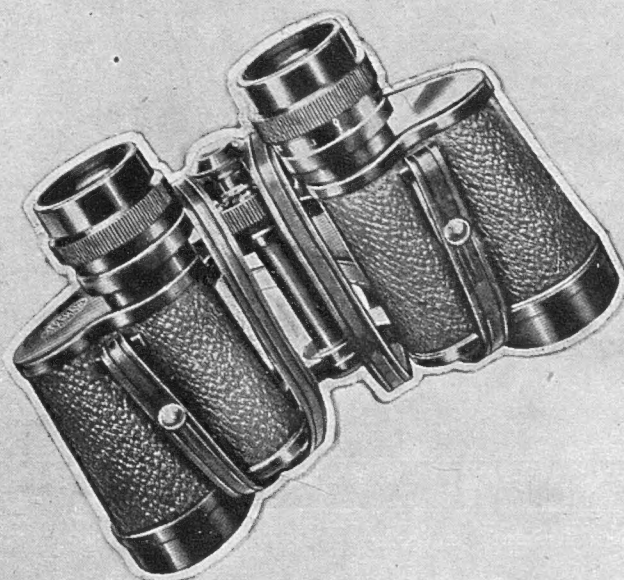


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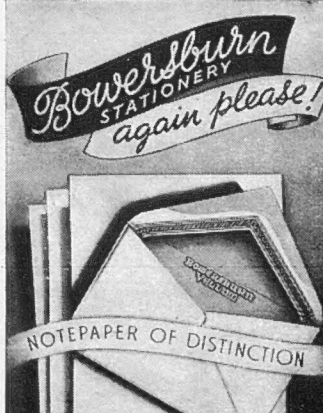


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